

THE OMEN PRESENTS  
***THE GREAT BIG BOOK OF  
TRAINS***

Powerbook



Publishing



**BY DAVID MANSFIELD**  
**AUTHOR OF HOW TO MAKE CANNED FOODS LAST**



# Table of Contents

For the sixth issue in the 30th Volume of the Omen on May the Second in the Year of our Lord 2008.

## ... Section Hate ...

- Evan Silberman **04** *What I Would Name My Children*  
 Lindsay Barbieri **05** *Lindsay Reacts*  
**... Section Speak ...**  
 Alex Torpey **06** *Action, Discourse & Diversity at Hampshire*  
 Sarah Weiss **06** *Political Cartoon*  
 Maya Bauer **07** *Action Awareness Week*  
 Nicole Byrnes **08** *Hair, Racism, and Your Mom*  
 Yonatan Schechter **09** *Activism at Hampshire and Sucking Your Thumb*  
 Ananda Valenzuela **10** *Dean of Students: How the search went wrong*  
 David Axel Kurtz **12** *My dear [Professor]:*  
 Audrey Weber **15** *Comic*

## ... Section Speak ...

- Sarah Tundermann **16** *Balls, I Missed My Bus Home to Write This*  
 Evan Silberman **17** *Imaginary Gay Lovers*  
 Yonatan Schechter **17** *Abnormal Addictions*  
 John Kennedy and Jacob Lefton **18** *Excerpt from "Teach Them To Challenge Authority"*  
 Flarnie Nonemaker **20** *"Why is the Omen So Mean?"*  
 Linnaea Furlong **21** *Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam*  
 Tabitha Boschetti **22** *Application to Live With Awesome Ladies in Mod 16*

## ... Section Doyle ...

Mike Doyle wrote a whole bunch of entertaining shit. Check it out from **page 24** on.

- Keegan Kuvach **37** *The Peeps*  
 Lindsay Barbieri **38** *Letter to the Editor and other writings*

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# To Submit:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Lindsay Barbieri, Merrill B103, Box 0542, lkb06@hampshire.edu

Don't Try and Clock Me  
 - Phil Davis

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## Best Wishes... I <3 The Omen

This may be my last Omen layout ever (as a student). Some of you may be happy to see me go, and some will miss me. I know there are a fair number of people on campus who enjoy the Omen—do not worry. It will still be around next year!

Sometimes we think Hampshire is full of shit. A lot of the time, we're right. The systems are incredibly inefficient, and everyone is too busy dealing with collateral damage to fix the problems. Our philosophies and practices are at times in direct conflict with one and other; our communities are isolating, abrasive, and reactionary, but also energetic and creative. We're broke, but don't recognize resources right in front of our face.

You know what? For all its faults, Hampshire does a damn fine job of educating, creating a place where we can learn ourselves some knowledge of our choosing. Where else can we hold elitist protests on the library lawn and elitist counter-protests in our living-rooms and publications? Where else do we have Lemelson programs and twenty years of reproductive rights conferences? Where else can we do Division IIIs and so many independent studies?

Where else would you have the freedom of speech, where you can say something like this:

The smell of pot wafts down from Merrill A1. It's

nauseating and sad. It's especially sad when I'm in here at 9AM on Monday morning and I smell it, or when I'm on the lawn during Spring Jam—when there's so many better things to be doing. Drugs are a pathetic waste of your time and mine. By the time you pay off your loans, a quarter of a million dollars will have gone into your education, and the best thing that you can think of to do with your time and money is to fuck up your valuable brain? Give me a fucking break.

Defend your right to speak, and defend your right to listen. If you can't listen, how can you grow and develop your ideas? How can you defend your opinions if you don't even know what the other side has to say? Listening on all sides of various activist activities has been weak in the past month or two, or semester, or year, or five, ten years. Did you know that the same shit repeats itself over and over and over here at Hampshire?

If there's one thing the Omen has done for me, it's allowed me to identify patterns of behavior that come up again and again that Hampshire is always struggling with. It's always been a struggle of youth versus authority, of liberal versus conservative. The same amazing things play themselves out across our campus every generation. Our closed community is a microcosm, an echo chamber for

# Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited,

and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Saturday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Fridays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

## The Omen Haiku

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

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the outside world. Life here is intense, burns bright, and provides valuable experience. Let it push you, but don't forget to push back.

And so, I leave this wonderful and valuable publication in the capable hands of Lindsay Barbieri and Evan Silberman. I hope they piss you off and offend you, but most of all, I hope they make you think about your

values, force you to assert and reassert them, and help you to see the value in freedom of thought and speech. Please come down to the Omen office and help them out. They'll appreciate the company!

Thank you for reading one last, rambling editorial. Always remember: the Omen loves you,

Jacob Lefton

P.S. Fuck you for the fact that it's after 3 A.M on Wednesday.



## What I Would Name My Children

TK asked me what I would name my children. While I've given this occasional thought, I'd never come up with a suitably kick-ass set of names until just now, when I realized that I would probably name them Alonzo and Alan, after noted pioneers of computer science Alonzo Church and Alan Turing. They were both badasses, and they give their names to the Church-Turing thesis, which says some important things about how computers compute algorithms. (Shout-out to my main man Marco.)

You know what they did to Alan Turing? They fucking drove him to kill himself with a goddamn poison apple. Do you know how they did it? Alan Turing was gay, man. He liked men. And I'm cool with that. But in 1952, the British government sure as hell was not. Half a century earlier, they ruined fucking Oscar Wilde, and then they decided to fucking ruin goddamn fucking Alan Turing.

ALAN TURING FUCKING INVENTED COMPUTER SCIENCE. There would be no Internet, no GPS navigation, no fucking anything that our fucking precarious precious snowflake coddled cocooned in electricity lives if Alan Turing had not come along and said "hah guz maybe we could lick do some shits with this computer business?" There weren't even actual COMPUTERS yet, and Alan Turing managed to INVENT an entirely new kind of science! He did it with IMAGINARY COMPUTERS. In his goddamn MIND. So, fuckers, if YOU think you know something about computers, shut the fuck up, because Alan Turing fucking DIED for you sons and daughters of bitches.

He died because the British government did not like the gays. Turing was a man who had sex with men, and they chemically castrated him. For a whole goddamn year they pumped him with estrogen. He grew boobs for you, goddamn it! Alan Turing put up with a fucking year of estrogen shots so YOU can download the fucking latest episode of "Lost" off of ornia.

After a year of putting up with that shit, Alan Turing killed himself. He put cyanide in an apple and ate it. Fucking Snow-Whited himself to death after a year of having the government inject chemicals into his body because he liked having sex with men, which thank fucking god is not a crime in this goddamn country anymore, thanks to Lawrence v. Texas, and no, Texas was not arguing in favor of butt piracy.

THAT, motherfuckers, is institutional discrimination. If you can't find a queer studies class, it's because we're a fucking tiny college with no money. We just DON'T HAVE THE MONEY. You fucking KNOW this, don't you? They are not DISCRIMINATING against you, dude, any more than they're discriminating against computer scientists. We don't have a lot of computer science professors either.

So, me lads and lassies, the next time you're sitting in your room late at night rubbing out a quickie to some nameless faceless model, say a prayer for Alan Turing when you come, because Alan Turing died for your Internet porn.



## Lindsay Reacts... Hatefully?

I timed it. It took this computer over 3 minutes to open Word so I could type this. I am reading an amazing book titled *The First Three Minutes*. It is about the beginning of the universe. It is interesting to compare the amount of time it took this computer to open Word to all that was happening within the first three minutes of the universe. Let me tell you something, if this computer were God Almighty, we wouldn't be here right now reading this. (Speaking of God Almighty, I was given a free copy of the New Testament by some older guy at the Mt. Holyoke bus terminal. I've been reading the Book of Matthew in my spare time.)

Lucky for you, current shittier mac (as it is oh so lovingly called) did not create the universe and you are here reading this. This article was very nearly not written for another reason as well – Jacob. Jacob Lefton and I had a small battle down here in the Omen office. A right proper battle with swords and daggers and bombs and PVC pipes and salad dressing and everything. (Funny story about the PVC pipes and the salad dressing... but you'll just have to wait until I feel like telling it, I suppose.) Anyways, he was very reluctant to let me have any space in the Omen this issue. I've won if you're reading this right now.

The whole point of this introduction is that I have some very important things to say and they simply cannot wait until next year.

Cocaine. A little plastic bag was taped (or tacked, I can't remember which) to my door recently. It was filled with white powder. There was a note attached. "Cocaine. Definitely not sugar." It was also an Omen submission... I will sprinkle some in the Omen boxes before they get distributed. Go ahead and sniff the Omen you are holding right now... wait a few seconds... now tell me, was it cocaine, or sugar?

Chris, Rachel, Jacob, Sam, Gabe, Colin, Phil, Keegan, Mara, TK, Sarah, Jeff, Jerusha, Andrew and other Div IIs I know who I can't remember because it's nearly 2am and I've been bloody tired since I woke up. You guys are amazing, and I know you know what sleep deprivation can do – so you'll forgive me for not being articulate. I

am very happy that I was able to hang out daily with most of you for the past two years. You have made my life interesting, fun and most of all – filled with laughter. A lot of laughter. Probably more laughter than you wanted to hear. \*heart\* I hope you all go on to do amazingly awesome things and in two years... I hope you're all well off enough to let me couch-surf!

Freddy. Where are you? I hope you're around next semester.

Cross Country Circus Tour In a Veggie-run 1983 School-Bus. How can an idea be so amazing and so terrible at the same time? I am really excited to learn how to drive a bus and about bus engines and how to run on grease. I am really excited to perform and to live with a bunch of circus folk and to wind up on the other side of the country. We're going to be painting the bus as excitingly as possible – so everyone reading this should be on the lookout for a campus-wide community bus-painting day. Oh, and a performance workshop on May 7<sup>th</sup> at 8:30 in the Centrum Gallery. Come learn about performance art!

Omen Alumni Reunion. Planning and executing a Pig Roast Omen Alumni Reunion was one of the more amazing things I was apart of this semester. First of all the pig was delicious (see pig picture on page 23) and second of all Omen alumni are wonderful. They provide this weird sense of community and I am proud to be apart of it. I wish everyone on campus who hates the Omen would come down to layout next semester and try talking to us. Come find out –why- I love this publication so much (even now at 2am on Wednesday when I really should be sleeping) and come find out why the Omen has such a long history of people who, for all their bitterness, still come back to Hampshire (babies in tow!) to hang out with other Omen people.

Deathfest. I DM'd my first Deathfest ever and I'm still alive (heh) to tell about it! Look for Deathfest next and every subsequent semester!

Next Two Years. I am so very, very excited for you to happen.

*Continued on page 38...*

by Lindsay Barbieri



# Activism, Discourse & Diversity at Hampshire

by Alex Torpey

Hampshire prides itself on being an active and engaging campus. Probably the best recent example of this is Action Awareness Week. Action Awareness Week was an interesting phenomenon. The advertising covered the campus and the events contained within the heading of the week involved most of the campus in some way or another. Whether students, or the rest of the community for that matter, were in support of all the demands, some of the demands, supported SOURCE, didn't support SOURCE but supported the idea or supported other means of becoming "anti-racist" a large majority of the campus was talking about an issue that needs to be talked about. I haven't seen the campus this active since... well I don't think I have. People were up in arms about whatever their feelings were. This is good. Hampshire needs that to happen in general, and also specifically about the issue of diversity on this campus.

"Actively Anti-Racist" read many emails, posters, banners and was shouted by people across campus. This term, as I feel similar to many movements, like the "anti-war" movement is frustrating. A phrase like that is grounded purely in political rhetoric. It calls everyone who doesn't agree with you "pro-racist" and cements your platform as inherently negative in relation to what the other is. There were many students on this campus who did not unquestionably support all of the demands, but does that make them "pro-racist?" Of course not. The "anti-anything" movement is a fault of social discourse of our time.

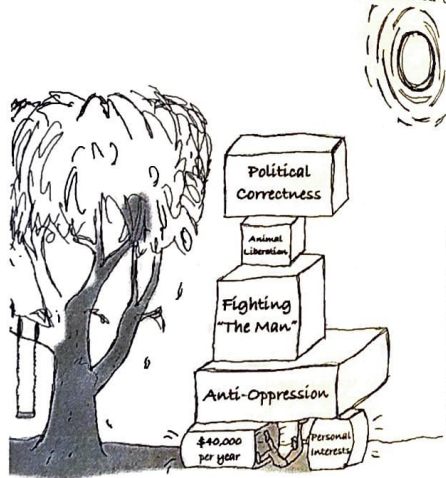
Instead of tackling the issue, it takes a highly politicized stance on an issue that does not deserve to be politicized. The "politicization" of important issues is one of the downfalls of our democracy. Issues like the war on crime or the war on drugs, though commonly known, especially in progressive circles, to not be effective are so popular because of political rhetoric. But does someone that disagrees with the way the war on crime is administered necessarily make them pro-crime? Of course not.

One of the reasons why this country is not where it could be is because of this political rhetoric. When the exact same referenda can be put on the ballot twice in the same town but pass overwhelming one time and fail

overwhelming another merely because the title of the plan was changed, we seriously need to rethink the way we talk about issues. It's not about one way being right or one way being just, it is about solving the issue at hand.

However, regarding "anti-racism" at Hampshire, I left action awareness week with a feeling of disappointment. Not once during the week, or since then, have I heard one mention of the diversity of the student body here. This, to me is one of the biggest flaws of our campus and one of the most important issues in need of discussion. Hampshire's student body is not diverse, whether you look at it racially, socio-economically, religiously, or politically. One of the things that is important to me on a college campus is diversity. That is diversity in culture or ethnicity, diversity in experiences, and diversity in opinions, to name a few. I want my ideas to be challenged, and I want to feel welcome to challenge other people's ideas. Having an opinion that is not the "norm" or the same with someone else is not a personal attack on someone's character but rather should be seen as a challenge for that person to challenge themselves and prove what it is they are arguing.

There is a study I always love quoting but can never remember where it was from. The study found that a group of random people, who had a variation of



by Sarah Weiss

opinions, were better able to solve critical problems than a group of experts who were all of the same opinion. The knowledge and collective intelligence that results from a group of people who can disagree with each other is unbeatable. Let's be that group of people who

can disagree with each other. Let's create an environment here where we value each other's unique experiences and can use those experiences for our own growth and the growth of our peers. And for that to happen, we need to seriously look at creating a more diverse campus.



## Action Awareness Week

The views and opinions in this piece do not necessarily represent those of the OMEN, members of SOURCE, international students, members of WARF, active students associated with Action Awareness Week (AAW), white students, the administration, or faculty members.

My name is Maya. I am a third year at Hampshire. I am an art student with political and social interests. I attend WARF meetings, but do not represent WARF. I was involved with Action Awareness Week, at a very low level of organizing and participation, and I believe in the aims and intentions of AAW, as I understand them. I am trying to be visible and accountable to the Hampshire community. I am learning a lot every day and feel that deconstructing racism is important to my intellectual and academic pursuits and challenges.

This is a response to articles in the OMEN from a few weeks ago [April 11, 2008] that is not thorough but which I hope will open the door for more conversations. This is intended to address the sentiments expressed by the many angry and hurt students whom I have been able to engage. I cannot do justice to ALL the issues that have been raised throughout this past month or so, however, I will try to address and clarify those that I can.

Racism is a problem that we cannot afford to make an issue that is solely a concern for people of color. Despite the fact that it most directly and visibly hurts people of color and their communities, racism affects us all and we must actively combat it. Our human community is clearly suffering from racism in very real ways.

I would like to clarify some things right off the bat: WARF (White Anti-Racist Folks student group) is a group that has the intention of being an open space for conversation between white folks about race and racism. Some members of WARF were involved in AAW but WARF, as a group, is not taking action, instead it is a space created for facilitating sustainable dialogue.

As far as definitions go, there has been confusion

about terms and language. References to language were made that posited language as static. This idea is problematic because of the antiquated and politically incorrect definitions, created in the nineteenth century are the only ones that receive clout. Currently Anti-Racism work and Critical Race Theory are being utilized to restructure our epistemologies through the definitions of words and our relations to them. It is these discussions that I am interested in, not those on urban dictionary.

I understand that there has been quite a bit of anger and discomfort incited by AAW. That anger, though a natural response, has been the hardest for me to get through to. It is valid to be angry, but important for white folks to examine where that anger comes from and why we get angry when we feel challenged. I am trying to be frank in a way that helped me realize the way that I am implicated in the structures of racism that exist. According to Hampshire's numbers 87% of us self-identify as "white" that means that we are a part of a system that is built on the framework of racism; a system that privileges white students. Chances are, if you identify as a white student, you are racist. Whether intentionally or not, as a white person, one benefits from a system that oppresses people of color. It supports us and we support it. These ideas are drawn from critical race theory, and deserve a lot more investigation.

Racism exists in numerous forms; personally, institutionally, and it is replicated on a societal level. There are things that can be done to counteract the negative effects of racism on folks of color and on us all. Hearing that one is racist is hard and even offensive. However, racism is, itself, far more offensive and hurtful historically and in its current manifestations. Hearing it is part of changing and challenging it. Just saying that we are not racist is not enough. That is what I understood AAW to be all about.

There was ANOTHER noose hanging a few days

by Maya Bauer



ago, the second on Hampshire's campus within the last academic year. This is a tangible example of the countless reasons that the administration **MUST** make changes to be actively anti-racist but so, too, must the students. Being active is a commitment that we all need to make.

Furthermore, speaking briefly to the comments of one writer about capitalism being at the core of our problems, as a lower-income student at Hampshire I certainly make a connection between economics and the inequities in the world and at Hampshire. I think that there is a lot to be said for an analysis of the system that tackles the intersectionality of the oppressions that exist in the US. There are many reasons that we cannot afford to be a "colorblind society," for example, that are not only

economic. To become "colorblind" is to deny people an identity and a history. Combating oppression cannot be equated with removing identity. The demands set forth by members of SOURCE and international students represent the needs of many different groups and persons, and address many different systems of oppressions.

These dialogues are crucial to changing the systems of power that control our lives and our bodies. For me the work is just starting, but for this country the work has been happening for decades. For centuries. On a personal note, I am humbled by the incredible power of AAW and those who worked the hardest for it. I aspire towards such ability to inspire and agitate.



## Hair, Racism, and Your Mom

by Nicole Byrnes

I was watching the production of Hair last night, which I have never seen before, and I had a truly shocking experience. It did not happen during the musical, which was in many ways confusing to me (I'll go into that later), but rather, afterwards, during the Q&A session. One of the questions was something to the effect of (and this is NOT a direct quote, so I'm sure I'm getting some things wrong) "Since this is such a racist production, I want to hear from the white members of the cast how they prepared themselves to put on such a racist play. I already know that the black girls went through a lot, but what did the white cast members do?"

I was shocked to hear this question. I happen to be a white gal, and this was really, truly offensive to me. Firstly, that it was assumed that black cast members went through something that white cast members had probably not been through...secondly, that this was considered a racist production in its entirety. Initially, at least, before any thoughts had really coalesced, I was shocked that this questioner had called this play racist. Yes, I had seen some RIDICULOUS stereotypes of Native Americans/Indians, prancing across the stage with tomahawks, yes, sort-of main character black gal could be considered "marginalized" (if you could call it that, the writers of Hair made it quite confusing and it didn't seem to really have much significant plot/action, so I couldn't really find any true main characters at all). Regardless, I was not instantly struck by the racism. My overall impression was "wow, I'm really confused about the message of this play - is it trying to show that hippies are wacked the fuck out? Is it trying to be an entertaining

musical? It's obviously doing something different than the original...but I don't get it."

What I was struck by was how racism is now used on this campus, and it troubles me. Racism has become a carte blanche (so to speak) version of "that insults me." If I had heard, "I was insulted by \_\_\_\_\_, and I am wondering if you all meant for that to be insulting to me, and what your feelings are on this," I would have been proud of the student who stood up for his or her own feelings without blaming others for them. However, blaming "racism" for Hair being a genuine, honest attempt by an admittedly flawed person to convey the feelings of the 1960's, to bring about change in their own imperfect, sometimes idiotic, human way makes me more than a little uncomfortable. The word "racism" does not bring people together. Period. That word rarely makes real, sustainable, positive change. Period. Finding our similarities, rather than our differences...that makes a difference. Finding how we can help each other become better people, what we can learn from one another - that makes a difference. I've seen it countless times, and I've seen the opposite countless times. It's every person's choice - love or fear.

I knew something was wrong when I noticed that I had started counting how many black, Asian, Latina/o people were around me, that I'd started looking over my list of friends on Facebook to make sure that I was not secretly acting like the despicable racist I was told I could not escape being. I came to the conclusion that, yes, I am friends with people of all types, and that, at the bottom of it, skin color has little to do with it. Yes, I'm the first to admit that sometimes

I say dumb things, that sometimes my first instincts are asshole-ish, and maybe even racist sometimes! Honestly, I can't help that. I do my best not to let that change how I act around my friends. I realized that I don't have to worry about the color of my friends' skin, because treating them all as friends, rather than quotas to fill makes a lot more sense. Worrying about being a "good ally" to my friends, at least to me, means that I treat them all with respect, support them when they feel hurt in any way, and try to be open to learning new things about the world. I'm not perfect. I don't think anyone is. So stop acting like you know all the answers! I don't think there's anyone who knows how to fix racism completely. There are some pretty damn good ideas, but those have mostly come about from years of discussion, bad ideas, and more bad ideas turning into some good ones, finally.

This may sound strange to some of you, but I never noticed skin color until all this angry "every white person is racist" stuff came up. That may be true, but it's only half of the truth. There have been some incredibly racist statements coming from the lips of some black folks on this campus too. And I think that makes us both at fault. There may be change that needs to happen - I personally agreed with a lot of the

SOURCE demands. But I will NEVER stand behind any campaign that runs itself the way the SOURCE demands ran itself. That was really insulting. I was called a white racist, part of a "snowstorm," and told that if I wasn't with you, I was against you. That's not a campaign I can stand behind. That level of intolerance in a group trying to decrease racism on campus is quite deluded. I don't pretend to know all of the things you've all been through - I can't imagine how tough your journeys to college and higher education must have been, but that doesn't mean that your struggle is unique to being black, Latina/o, Asian, or anything else. There are unique aspects, but the more you divide yourself, the more resentment will build up. If you want a wall between us, then you're doing a good job. I'd personally rather be "helping" rather than being a "white ally." What about just calling "white allies"... "friends."

You may be fucking pissed, and really angry, but give us a chance. Try to be friendly, and I'll try my best too. I'm sure we'll both make mistakes, fuck up, say some idiotic things, and probably get a little mad at times. But let's have a DIALOGUE, where everyone is free to say and ask what they want, without being told they're flat-out wrong. I'd really love that.



## Activism at Hampshire and Sucking Your Thumb

What are you fighting for? What inspires your passion? Who in your life is oppressed? Why do you shove it down my throat? Do you know that I don't care? How many of these targeted questions can I ask? If you want instant gratification, skip to last paragraph.

I am trying to understand the state of activism at Hampshire. A quick check of Hampedia tells me that there are at least 23 activist student groups at Hampshire. Wow. That's impressive. You should be proud of yourself. This means that there is one group for every 58 people on campus. This also means that every group could have 58 people and not have overlap. I bet you are involved in/have been to one of the events of 10 or more of them. OK, so that's not really the case.

If you are one of those people who actually tried to be involved with on campus activism, you might understand the frustration that many of us feel. We work hard to create interesting, useful, educational, and practical programming, but we get the same people over and over again. And there aren't 58 people who come.

Admittedly, I am not interested in most of the activist groups on campus. That is alright. You can't be able to save

everyone. I don't recommend trying. Would it hurt to show some interest though? We have Hampedia and Hampfest and probably other Hamp-words to help us find out about the stuff that we can be involved in. This is one the things that defines Hampshire. We are an activist school! We were the first to divest from apartheid South Africa. We, this year, staged a walk-out to try to get some demands met. If you had been here, would you have gotten involved in the South Africa divestment? Did you walk-out/are you actively anti-racist?

Here's the thing, though. I don't care. If you are active in something, you are doing that for your own gratification or pleasure, and for those who you wish to help out. I don't want you to shove your justice down my throat. I am already gagging. I want you to be involved for your own sake and the sake of helping others!

Moral of the story: you go to Hampshire, and should take advantage in the activism possibilities on campus. It will make you feel good, and it helps others. Just don't force your activism on me. Hopefully, people can choose their activism for themselves.



by Ronatan Schechter



## by Ananda Valenzuela

by Ananda Valenzuela I would like to start by thanking everyone who has put so much time and effort into the Dean of Students search process. I would like to thank the six committee members with whom I met regularly, who tirelessly worked to ensure that we chose the most impressive candidates: Bobbie Stuart, Will Ryan, Jaime Davila, Sue Darlingston, Zena Clift, and Marissa Baker-Wagner. I would like to thank Jacob Lefton for the time and effort he put into being an awesome student representative to the Board of Trustees, ensuring that students' voices are heard at the trustee level. I would like to thank President Ralph Hexter for the efforts he made to improve the search process at the request of the search committee, and for devoting so much time to making the final decisions. Finally, I would like to thank Dawn Ellinwood for accepting the invitation to become our new Dean of Students. She is a highly qualified professional who, I am confident, will work to represent the voice of the students in Hampshire administration. I am extremely impressed with her credentials and her enthusiasm, and am excited to see what she will bring to Hampshire.

That being said, the Dean of Students Search was flawed. I cannot directly speak for other members of the search committee, but I do speak with confidence, aware that some of my sentiments are shared by others with the same firsthand experience.

I am writing this retrospective piece for you. For Hampshire. For transparency. For idealism. In hopes that this search does not set the wrong precedent for future searches. I speak in regard to the upcoming Dean of Faculty search process, as well in regard to ongoing conversations concerning transparency and shared governance at Hampshire. In some ways, I see this situation as encapsulating some of the core issues and frustrations I have with Hampshire. As a result of the occurrences described below, I found myself at various points cynical, disheartened, furious, and depressed. In hopes of you actually reading this letter, I am

In hopes of you actually reading this through to the end, I am providing an extremely abbreviated version of the events. If you want to read a longer description, please visit the Hampedia page ([https://hampedia.org/wiki/2007-2008\\_Dean\\_of\\_Students\\_Search](https://hampedia.org/wiki/2007-2008_Dean_of_Students_Search)).

The seven-member Dean of Students (DOS) Search Committee met more-or-less weekly from October 2007 to March 2008. We read and reviewed a huge stack of resumes, conducted phone interviews with eight top candidates, and spent many hours discussing and deliberating who should be invited to campus. It was at this crucial point in the decision concerning who should be invited to campus that the process went awry.

It was the understanding of the committee that the decision was in their hands. The committee was supposed to choose the final candidates, and then the President was to make the final hiring decision. However, within an extremely short space of time it was suddenly apparent that deciding who came to campus was completely in the hands of the President. His decision differed significantly from that of the committee.

Which makes me wonder, what was the point of having a search committee? Were we nothing more than glorified resume-readers?

I appealed to the only higher body of authority – the Board of Trustees. I wrote them a letter describing in precise detail the situation to date, and asked for greater transparency and a clear delineation between the powers of the committee and the powers of the President.

My appeal, read, in part:

Neither the authority nor limits on authority of either the committee or the President in the selection of the Dean was made clear, nor was it provided in any documented form. I relied completely upon the accounts of others in order to understand our role in the process. There is little to clarify the degree of influence the search committee has, and nor is there an objective way to assess the influence that the committee had on the President's decision. To the best of my knowledge, the President has retained absolute power in the selection of the Dean. Given the events outlined above, I am left to wonder if what had originally been presented as an opportunity for student, faculty, and staff participation was actually only an attempt to appear as if the entire College was being properly represented, without giving these representatives any real influence.

The position of the Dean of Student Services is a vital one at Hampshire. According to the Hampshire Constitution, the Dean ‘represent[s] students’ interests in administrative bodies’ (Hampshire College Constitution, page 7). Where is the logic in giving students no voice in selecting the person who is supposed to be their voice?”

The response? I spoke with Florence Ladd, the Chair of the Board of Trustees, via phone about a week after the Board of Trustees met. She was very kind and considerate, but she said that it was a policy issue and that it was not the place of the Board to intervene.

Meanwhile, the Chair of the DOS committee communicated to the President the dissatisfaction of some of the committee members, which resulted in us receiving an impressive multiple-paged "confidential memorandum" concerning the search process.

But did anything actually change? Yes and no. We were able to convince the President to invite an additional candidate, but there was no real effort to ensure that the process was more fair and transparent, and no sense of an effort being made to improve future search processes.

When the DOS Search started going awry, I went to the Hampshire archivist's office and asked her whether she had any documentation of how past search processes had occurred. She did not. Here is my hope that next time, and the time after that, and the time after that, this article (and its concurrent lengthier and fact-filled version on Hampedia) will help set some precedent for how search processes at Hampshire SHOULD occur, and serve as an opportunity to learn from past mistakes.

We need to keep on pushing for transparency, keep on strengthening shared governance, and keep on improving the way things work here. Being an experimental, alternative college means not assuming that the best practices for other colleges are the best practices for Hampshire.

Reading the recent memorandum from President Hexter about the upcoming Dean of Faculty search made me shudder, as it made me remember exactly why the Dean of Students search was so extremely flawed. The memo reads, in part:

"At a final meeting of the committee, I will be pleased to receive the committee's recommendation. I expect an unranked list of three viable candidates. I will, following best practice (and the practice of our two last searches), ask each member of the committee to summarize what in his/her opinion are the strongest and weakest points of each finalist."

I recall attending a similar meeting with the President (although ours was a step further back, when we were supposed to decide who would come to campus). I recall walking out of that meeting feeling disempowered, frustrated, and angry. Feeling as if I had no voice.

Faculty members had put forward a proposal about how they would like the Dean of Faculty search to occur, which was seemingly ignored. By sending out this Presidential Memorandum, the President effectively left no room for discussion and shared decision-making concerning the makeup of the search committee or the process by which the search will occur.

By operating in this heavy-handed top-down fashion, not only is the President losing my respect, but more importantly, he is alienating faculty, staff, and students who truly care about Hampshire and who are willing to devote so much of their time and energy to making it a better place. Playing lip service (e.g. MC2.0) is not the same as effective positive, constructive change, which should occur in tandem with encouraging constructive conversations and sharing important decision-making with the entire Hampshire community.

Maybe the lesson is to just stop caring so you don't just get angry and stressed and expend huge amounts of time and emotional energy on situations like the one described above. But hopefully the lesson is something a little more filled with sunshine and ponies and starry-eyed children.

Hopefully.

Oh, and by the way, the DOS Search committee is awesome. I love them all. I highly enjoyed the ridiculous number of hours I devoted to search committee meetings, and it was all thanks to them. <3





My dear [Professor]:

04 January 2008

by David Axel Kurtz

Thank you very much again for the last semester; it was a pleasure indeed to suffer your tutelage! I hope that you have had an excellent breaktime (if, indeed, you are not still fully ensconced therein) & that you & yours are well. May this new year be full of ringing good cheer & may your Christmastime stockings have been overbrimming with short-sold CitiGroup common, &c.

I thank you very much for the recommendation of Bhagwati; it made a nice & stalwart reinforcement to the new Greenspan, which was the remainder of the economic portion of my winterbreak fare. It would seem to me that those who protest globalization, & such like manifestations of the attempt by profit-driven individuals and corporations to increase demand so as to increase supply to meet it, do so from a standpoint that knows little of theoretical economics. Yet that does hardly mean that their observations are less perspicacious therefore, their logic less sound (nor even that it is not transmutable into sound economic language, such as a person more founded in such than am I might employ), nor, most strikingly, that the goals of these protesters are necessarily deviations from those goals held by the aforementioned capitalists.

For a group to protest the fact that, for example, Beirut is becoming strikingly like Milan is becoming strikingly like Dayton, Ohio, is simply for them to be positing an aesthetic for the world, & suggesting that such cultural individuality as cities (it is suggested) did once have is worth striving to retain, even to increase. They would be willing to sacrifice efficiency in other areas to see this result. They would be willing, therefore, to pay – either through the expenditure of currency or through the loss of the purchasing power of that currency – in order to see their desires actualized. They are suggesting, quite volubly in most cases, that they represent a growing demand trend, and one I might add which tends to be rather fiscally affluent. The only primary differences between them and between, say, those people who wish to purchase Big Macs, would be that the latter group is willing to pay less for their demand to be satisfied, and is well supplied by what they demand; whereas the former group is ill supplied by what they seek, and is willing to pay much more to get it.

A bright lad might make a good deal of money selling them what they want. (One can see that, in many small ways, bright lads are doing so – multiculturalism will vastly increase the price of a good in many instances – gourmet foodstuffs certainly come to mind). Yet there is demand remaining, and remaining unfulfilled – I cannot but see that as untapped profit potential.

But Look!, they will say; Globalization is Ruining our Planet / Cultures / Future / Children / whatever else will fit upon a hand-sign. They approach this as a moral issue, that is, a binary issue; they see what exists and that it will be poor for them, according to their values, if not now then in the coming days, & so they wish to see it cease, that their values might be satisfied thereby. They see a dragon and would slay it outright, heedless of their abilities to render it a fetching or even useful presence through such metaphorical media of restraint as clipping its claws, clipping its wings, tethering it, perhaps even convincing it to be their bosom companion or guard animal or beast of burden... or in simply imposing a per-mermaid tax upon it and reaping the rewards of that.

I would say that they look upon a damaged future, or even one which is in any way mildly reduced, even in potential, in their eyes that is, by the slightest hint of an economic price paid (in the form of one form or another of exploitation or pollution or the like), I say, they look upon such a thing as the Heart of jolly Darkness. They do not seem capable of treating it as simply a mote in an equation's eye, that may take one of a thousand shapes or any size that is able to be expressed in decimal notation (as upon a balance-sheet). Everything must be Black or White to them; no wonder they are not able to be supplied with what they demand, when they set such high value in their goals that they could not think of quantifying them in any way that might allow them in a market economy to actually be produced & delivered.

They are attempting, in short, to fight against the search for profit with the search for morality. They are using moralistic language and moral tactics in order to wage economic warfare. Little surprise that they have so far met with little but frustration.

Yet I cannot but think, as my prose no doubt reveals, that the future is not so dichromatic as it would appear to these zealots, this cream of the capitalist milking. If the world is to be drowned in its own poisons and sink

beneath the tides, or some similarly colorful expression of the Malthusian final solution, yes indeed, this would render unimportant any attempts to counterbalance it on a proposed balance sheet (short, perhaps, of celestial migration). Yet if we are to assume that globalization is a rather large thing, made up of numerous component parts, each of which contributes to the total effect through numerous & perhaps disparate actions, then globalization might be seen as nothing

but the aggregate of a number of reactions to these stimuli. Each of these reactions might be then quantified based upon its desirability or repugnance, and the sum total of them all be made to balance to the whims of those who shall live in this future world of ours. Each of them might be valued, not only in their positive value (to the actualizing party; that is, a company) but also to the remainder of the world (the actualized; that is, the protestors). And through either open-market operations (such as the painful task of restraining oneself from buying one good or service or another) or through direct legal imposition, an equilibrium could be reached & maintained that would bring maximum value to all.

For I do not think that a satisfaction of the demands of antiglobes ought necessarily to be viewed as a triumph of anticapitalist forces; *I do not postulate that their goal is necessarily a diminishment of the global economy, & is motivated by a general disdain for wealth.* They are, in all likelihood (though they doubtless do not see the matter in this way), acting in the best interest of those companies upon whom

the bulk of their ire falls. They are saying, in their chants and with their slogan-laced graffiti, that the actions that a company takes today ought to be weighed, not only against their results in there here & now, but also against results that shall be had in other parts of the world, & in the future. Globalization is simply the tapping of larger markets, & to do so to larger extents than has ever before been attempted; antiglobalization protesting seems mainly

an attempt to point out that when market transactions cross the globe entire and delve deeper therein, the consequences of those transactions must be considered from a broader perspective than ever before has been necessary.

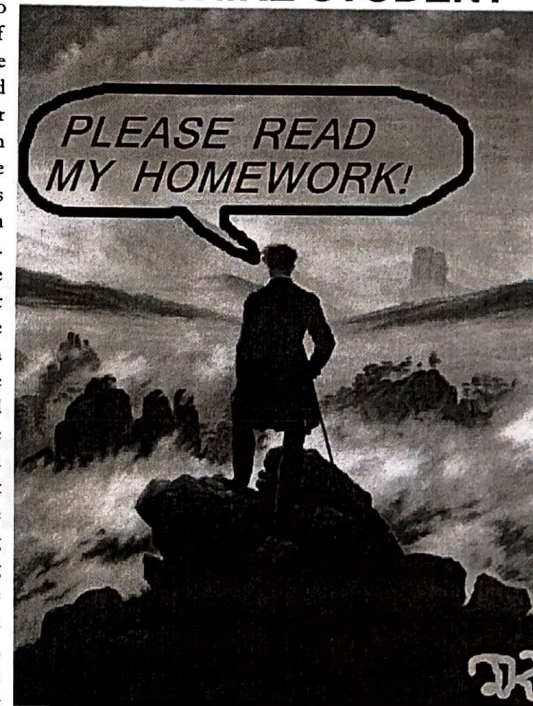
That, in short, there are costs associated with the actions taken by a company of which the company itself might not be aware — or which the company is ignoring, not out of a desire to maximize profit, but out of a desire to maximize profit in the short run at the expense of the long-run.

It is not therefore purely a matter of a given company acting outside of the interest of others; antiglobes

are suggesting that a company, in its zeal for profits *this quarter*, is denying itself profits in future quarters. That the company is acting against its own self-interest; that it is not showing due diligence, & is making decisions which will be injurious to its own shareholders. This behavior is not cause so much for rioting in the streets as it is for a minority-shareholder lawsuit.

It is possible that the companies in question are

## HAMPSHIRE STUDENT









# Balls, I Missed My Bus Home to Write This

**Sarah Tundermann** In the past edition of the Omen I read an article in which the author's submission was written as a rushed scribble in the 40-minute gap before heading to the Omen alumni edition layout meeting. This is my first submission to the Omen and what do you know, here I am at 10:31 in the Omen office in the basement of Merrill on Saturday night during layout. I'm currently picking the raspberry seeds out of my teeth from the torte that I ate earlier this evening, which concluded the Seder I attended for the first night of Passover. The Seder resembled a much more laughable occasion than the one I remember from when I was 10 years old. I was in a mood surrounded by friends, drinking wine (as instructed by the Haggadah – it was for religious purposes, really) and trying our best to pronounce the names of the however-many Rabbis who, as far as we could make out, spent an entire night babbling and cracking jokes over the Torah until they ran out of wine the following morning. In case you are unfamiliar with the monotheistic religion of the Jews, most of the major holidays are based on the premise of eating enough food to feel pregnant while drinking enough booze to feel bad about feeling pregnant.

You may be wondering if I have any point tucked away inside this post-Seder ramble; the answer is yes, yes I do. You see, today is one of those days where I find myself thinking, "Man, I really love Hampshire." My morning began with my chomping on an apple on my way to work as desk monitor for the RCC. No, that's not entirely truthful: if you want to be really technical, my morning started at midnight with the Five College Relay For Life. This event is an all night long block-party filled with bad music, energy drinks, delirious DJs and sugar-filled food – mmm, candy floss – in which teams from all five college show their support for the fight against cancer. This year a Hampshire College student joined the organizing committee for the five college event and encouraged the formation of four Hampshire College teams (as opposed to the single team last year, and the complete lack of Hampshire representatives the year before). By the way, this student is ranked fifth on the "Top Participants" list out of the 1,584 five college student participants signed up this year.

While working at the RCC today, a number of radioactively-coloured students made their way in and out of the restrooms throughout the four hours of my shift. This

afternoon on the library lawn a spiritual life advisor, with the help of several students, organized the Holi spring festival of colours. The festival featured water guns filled with dye and buckets of "badly tasting," brightly coloured powder, as described by one participating student, which students were free to battle with at will. Forgive me, I'm a little fuzzy on the details from being stuck to the desk just inside, but from what I could see it looked like a pretty swell ol' time. Currently I'm on the Merrill A basement floor.

Currently I'm on the Merrill A basement floor, belly full of wings – courtesy of the Omen budget – at 12:13. It's taken me so long to write because of the vastly varied conversation around me that keeps stealing my attention. Of the seven students here – eight if you include a guy in the camo shirt whom I've never seen before, but who has walked by the office door at least thrice since I arrived here this evening – I have met one of them for the first time tonight, briefly encountered but never really conversed with two and get regular hugs from the rest. Discussions this evening have ranged from the oddness of various pornographic images, action awareness week (yes, people are still talking about it) to the definition of 'mean,' and all of us have varied opinions, areas of study, appearances, and any other demographic you would care to comment on.

A friend of mine, a fellow Hampshire student, had a drastically different day. She went to bed at an unreasonably early hour for a college student on Friday night so that she could begin her Saturday early with approximately two hours worth of checking email, email, google news, craigslist, email, comic no. 1, one more email, comic no. 2, some other website that I forget the name of... She then stumbled to the dining commons to enjoy the wonders of saga-brunch (tatter-tots and waffles are a few of the only things I miss about no longer being on the meal plan). In the back room of saga, this fellow Hampshire student joined several of her friends at one of the large round tables. After a few bites of scrambled eggs and one excruciatingly terrible joke (ex. A dyslexic man walks into a bra), the table springs into a food fight, complete with those scrambled eggs landing in my friend's newly groomed hair.

After vacating saga, she dug a manila folder out of her backpack containing an exposition on some recent Hampshire hubbub, and submitted it to the secret drop-off stop for the Hampshire College underground publication,

"Not The Omen." Didn't you hear about it? It was founded after the most recent attempt to shut down this very publication. As my friend approached this hidden, and very particular tree-with-trap-door-triggering-knot-leading-to-drop-box, she noticed a student from her cheese-making class following not-so-sneakily behind her. Upon realizing his cover had been compromised, this classmate whipped out a cudgel and charged at my friend screaming, "WE WILL NEVER LET YOU CARRY ON THIS WAAAAAY!" She quickly dived to the side and a piece of apple still stuck in her hair from the earlier food fight dislodged itself, and conveniently flew into the cudgel-donned classmate's open

# Imaginary Gay Lovers

Alex Portnoy, the title character of Philip Roth's "Portnoy's Complaint", fantasizes briefly about what his life would have been like had he been gay. Sheldon, Portnoy's imaginary lover, is a gay Jewish man who makes amazing herb dressing.

I also want an imaginary gay lover. I want a fantasy world where the Sheldon to my Portnoy is there to cook me dinner after a hard day's work. In my mind, a larger, quieter man than me is holding down the fort of my psyche, tolerant of my whimsies but not of my self-doubt. My imaginary gay lover reassures me that the world is my oyster.

I often find myself wishing I were David Sedaris. How could you not want to be David Sedaris? Aside from

mouth, causing him to choke. My friend phoned the EMTs, dropped off the manila folder, and ran back to her room to check her email again.

Okay, so all that didn't really happen to my friend. But here at Hampshire College, it could happen. Hampshire's the kind of place where an undefinable amount of unexpected events could happen at any given moment. And most of these random things that happen around our modest campus occur because other students cared enough to make them happen, even publications like the Omen. That's pretty neat. And if you don't like what someone else did, you can always write about it and submit to the Omen.



being in love with someone named Hugh (Hugh!), you are a brilliant writer, you live in France, Ira Glass is like your best friend, and you are, I suspect, pretty comfortably well-off. I mean, selling 2 million books to the disaffected hipsters of America has to earn you something. It's tough, in today's blog-or-be-blogged climate, to make a name for yourself as a writer. How many famous and successful essayists do we have these days? Not many, I suspect. Maybe a few people know who Jonathan Lethem is. I mean, how big can the market for acerbic personal essays possibly be?

Anyway, maybe we'd all be a bit happier if we had a better half in our heads giving us hugs and believing in us.



## Abnormal Addictions

I think I've become addicted to cigarettes. This is no normal addiction. Mind you, I have never smoked one. However, every time I walk past someone who is smoking a cigarette, my body/mind says, "I want one! Go get it!" Odd. Again, I want to stress that I haven't taken even one drag. Every time, there is a conscious train of thought in brain that goes something like:

by Yona "You should go over and ask to bum a drag or a full cigarette. No one has to know. A full cigarette would be better. You'll feel so much better. No you actually wouldn't. You are full of shit. Always trying to convince me to do stupid things. Really, what are the benefits to

smoking? None. Aside from addiction. And that's not a benefit. Wait, are you saying that you aren't curious? I thought you prided yourself on your curiosity and the ability to dig into the knowledge of that curiosity. But I do. I'm just trying to look out for my shitty health. You don't need to add to it by smoking. Do you want be wheezing all the time, and get emphysema? No. So don't smoke.'

And it's finished until the next time I see someone dragging away. A whole 1.68 minutes on Hampshire campus. Any suggestions? yts07@hampshire.edu





## 18

"Every book has a multitude of origins. The beginning of my understanding of the purpose of education lies in my years as an undergraduate. Around that time, four African American students from North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College (A&T) began to take their studies in philosophy and the contemporary world seriously. They began to ask a series of critical questions that eventually became one simple and profound question: Why could they not eat lunch at the same counter as whites in Greensboro, North Carolina? Their straightforward answer in 1960, my junior year at Yale University, effectively began the civil rights sit-in movements in the United States. This activism connected a younger generation to what an older generation had begun with the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, several years earlier.

Their act came at a time of quiet ferment and questioning in the United States. At the end of the 1950s, college students were beginning to wonder about the purposes of education. Helping to stimulate these

The North Carolina A&T students answered our question about the purpose of education. Their answer was identical to what those of us at Yale had been hearing from the exiles students, but we had yet to realize that their brand of activism also applied to our situation. Education has multiple purposes, but learning how to ask essential questions and how to challenge dogma, tradition, and injustice in appropriate and constructive ways is its highest purpose. Preparing citizens to act thoughtfully to create more just, open, and creative society gives form, substance, and meaning to the often abstract concepts of freedom and democracy.

Constructively challenging authority requires the basic habits of mind a liberal education seeks to instill: the ability to frame the essential questions; to think critically, analytically, and ethically about the problems those questions identify; and to respond effectively, creatively, and wisely to the implications of the analysis. It requires not only an ability to appreciate the complexity of a problem but also to identify its essence in order to reach effective, just, and fair conclusions.

The answer the four North Carolina A&T students provided about the purpose of education exemplified all of the aforementioned qualities and yet was replete with irony. The irony stemmed from the fact that these students came from a technical university, not a liberal arts university, not was the university listed among the country's "elite" institutions. As the students' actions played out, commentators of the day noted the visual

images of neatly dressed, polite African American students sitting at lunch counters while white thugs and police threatened them. Those images underscored the critical relationship between "means" and "ends." The students set an example with the rigor of their analysis and with the dignity of the means they chose to respond to the situation. They understood that no matter how worthy the end, the means were equally important.

The second point of origin came much later, in conversations with my wife, Toni Prince, about conversations that were not taking place. In the 1980s she began commenting to me about the students with whom she worked. She coached skiing and horseback riding and was increasingly perplexed that the kids she coached rarely seemed to discuss the major issues of the day in their schools. When they arrived after school, she would ask them if they had talked about an impending foreign intervention, a political campaign, affirmative action, or whatever the "front page" controversy of the day might be locally, nationally, or internationally. More often than not, there had been no discussions of these important matters in school. She became increasingly concerned that teachers were becoming so fearful of the anger that controversial topics might generate and of the litigiousness off U.S. Society that they simply avoided controversy whenever possible.

She had alerted me to a trend that was nonexistent during our youth and one I would never have noticed, since I was working exclusively with college students. We had both attended primary schools where such substantial conversations about important current affairs were standard: she was at Sidwell Friends School and I attended St. Albans School, both in Washington, D.C. Those conversations opened for us a whole range of educational experiences that we valued deeply, and we despaired that the current generation of children had lost a critical source of information and insight. We worried that children were caught in a growing bubble of silence, increasingly oblivious to the world around them. They seemed unable to ask meaningful questions and did not know how to have a debate or disagreement with someone, yet still be friends.

The third point of origin again related to conversations, but ones that took place during my years as president of Hampshire College, a liberal arts college in Amherst, Massachusetts. With only four or five exceptions, every

Monday morning from 1989 through 2005, when classes were in session, I had breakfast in the college dining hall from 7:30 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. So I could talk with students about any subject they wanted to discuss. Breakfast was in their space, so no appointment was needed.

The students probed, complained, questioned, and explored. They shared concerns and pressed me for opinions. The normal whining that can characterize any group of students in a university did occur, although not as much as I had originally expected. Early on, one student assured me there would not be too many whiners: "They don't like to get up at seven-thirty." The students who came to breakfast were anything but silent.

The concerns voiced at these breakfasts were wide-ranging ones: appointments and reappointments of faculty and staff; curriculum, college regulations, and discipline cases; there were conversations about resources for academic programs and extracurricular organizations such as the student Emergency Medical Technicians, and about national and international current events. During this period, the Berlin Wall fell, the USSR splintered apart, China became a major economic power, the United States fought its first Gulf War and started the second, 9/11 took place, and the economy went twice from expansion, to recession, and then to recovery. Through all the conversations, profound and petty alike, the students delivered one consistent message: what mattered most to them was whether the college and I, as its president, were acting in ways that were consistent with what they perceived to be the values and goals embodied in the college's mission. They had two common, strongly held expectations: the college should exhibit the behavior it expected of students and hold true to its espoused values. Students measured almost every decision the administration made against these standards.

Reflecting both the cynicism of youth and of the culture as a whole, many did not believe there was much chance that the college, its president and administration, or the board would live up to those expectations. At times they treated those breakfasts like a contest or a sport. They prepared, practiced, and often arrived as a team. They sought to confront me with an issue about which they felt they had a clear ethical position—a position they felt I might not support because of “practical” pressures. How I reacted would reveal whether or not the college was committed to its ideals. They were doing what all

Continued on page 21



















## 29











## Jurassic Park

### SPOILER ALERT:

by Mike Doyle  
Dear Hampshire,  
There's been a lot of talk about racism lately, and why not? America has a history of racism. When you turn on the news, read the paper, or receive a telegraph, more likely than not, it's about racism.  
But you know what's not racist? Jurassic Park.  
Steven Spielberg's 1993 documentary about bringing dinosaurs back to life on the small island of Isla Nublar opened my eyes to the truth that to live in a truly non-racist society, we must live amongst dinosaurs. They don't care what your ethnicity is, they will eat you.  
And there's nothing like the character of Denis Nedry to remind us who the real villain is. Fat people. It's true. Whereas the issue of race, sexual orientation, or left-handedness are attributes that we are born with and we should hold as a point of pride, being fat is a life choice, and a poor one at that. They slow down the group, they entice hungry dilophosaurs, and they steal precious dinosaur embryos to sell to that treacherous rascal, Lewis Dodgson, the safari hat wearing mother fucker.  
Dinosaurs going crazy and attacking people bring everyone together, such as crazy South African game hunters, old men who spare no expense, sassy paleobotanist women, nerdy black computer technicians, and of course, morphine-addicted Jews.  
If I may, I'd like to address some of the major themes that this Tyrannosaurus Rex biopic brought to my attention. I think it's more important than what you're doing.

### God is a Dinosaur

This is true no matter how you cut it. As a metaphor, God is a dinosaur. Like Judi Dench said in the hit movie, Goldeneye "A relic from the cold war." And since she was in that movie with Pierce Brosnan who was in Mrs. Doubtfire with Harvey Fierstein who was in Independence Day with Jeff Goldblum who was in Jurassic Park, you can see how obvious this connection should be.  
Indeed, God is a relic from days past. Just open the King James Bible, back in the day he was doing all sorts of crazy shit, wheelin' and dealin' guy that he was. He was all, six days of this, apple of something that, Red Sea, 40 days of rain, father of Jesus who basically invented the

entourage... God has the ultimate resume.  
But now God is like somebody's grandpa who used to work in the raincoat business. Sure you spent 40 years making trench coats, but what have you done for me lately?

And as such, we should recognize that God is an idea. We say God, and we picture some dusty old bones that meant something a long time ago, but now they're just fossils. We get charismatic guys wearing white pants after Labor Day like Alan Grant to study them and tell us it became a bird and flew away, just like good, decent, moral fiber. Because without God, all we're left with is a bunch of pigeons shitting on our heads from the proverbial 'Above.' And no one wants that, except for people like Lewis Dodgson and Alan Grant, because they always wear hats.

### Captain Ahab, the Land Sailor of the Dinosaurs

Anyone who's seen Jurassic Park and knows what Moby Dick is understands that there is a character named Captain Ahab, and he shows up in movies all the time. He's like Robert Shaw in Jaws, the chick from Twister who thought tornadoes were chasing were, and the crazy Russian submarine captain in Hunt for Red October. They're all Captain Ahab.

But Captain Ahab appeared again in Jurassic Park as Donald Gennaro, the lawyer who wouldn't quit. Just like Captain Ahab of old never stopped hunting that whale or whatever, Gennaro never stopped getting on your nerves. It was a never-ending quest. First he's all like, "Uh, I'm gonna shut down the park," and then he's all like "Uh, we're gonna be rich," and all sorts of stupid shit, like "put down the night-vision goggles, they're expensive," and "we'll have a coupon day," and "Uh, stop eating me." Seriously, when we see the triceratops, the three pronged beast of yesterdays past, he pisses his pants over a little thunderstorm. Did you see how he flinched at the first clap of thunder? That is not a man I want handling my legal affairs, I can tell you that. That is a man I was to get eaten while he's sitting on the toilet.

The man does not stop irritating you. Right from the get-go, he's standing on a raft while he's meeting the guy who played the drug lord in Clear and Present Danger. Who stands on a raft? So you think you're better than me? Let me tell you something asshole. You got eaten by a dinosaur. You're dead. Spoiler alert.

### The Best Laid Plans...

...always turn out great. Seriously, at the end of Jurassic Park, only good things had happened. Sure some people

died, but they all had it coming. Samuel L. Jackson was a smoker, Nedry wore glasses, Muldoon was a bit of an alarmist... the list goes on and on. If anything, it was a good thing they died, because it decreased the surplus population. Ebenezer Scrooge said that in a Muppet Christmas Carol. Not about those guys specifically, but others who deserved it just as much. So you have a few less jackasses in the world, the survivors have this life-changing experience that helps them grow into a trilogy and possible fourth movie, and let's not forget, there is an island 125 miles off of Costa Rica where dinosaurs are living, and killing each other, and being generally awesome. And you know they still are, because they had babies. Remember? Life found a way.  
Show me where it says people dying is a bad thing. And don't say the Bible, or I shalt redirect you to the first bullet point of truth. God is a dinosaur. Which brings us to the next religious hypocrisy, if God says 'Thou shalt not kill,' and then he becomes a dinosaur and kills, what now, mother fucker? Unless he's a herbivore, but I doubt it. God is a crazy mecha-T. Rex, with lasers spelled with Z's and body armor, and rocket powered teeth. No, you don't want to mess with that guy by calling him a hypocrite. Just feed him a goat and wait a while. You'll see what happens.

### Science is Like a Tinker Toy

It doesn't matter what I want to do. Science will back it up. Say I want to go to the moon. Been there, done that. How, you might ask? Science. Say I want to pack more flavor into Cool Ranch Doritos. No problem. Really? Yup... science again.

It doesn't matter what you want to do. Science will do it for you. Because there is so fucking much of it, that somewhere there is an answer to your every crazy whim. Physics denies that we can cram more flavor into Doritos. There is not enough space and two objects may not occupy the same space. But chemistry says, wait, I'll add Sodium Benzoate food dye-12 and that will add more flavor in the same space. Science to the rescue.

Say I want to make a dinosaur. That shit is as easy as picking your nose. You find a mosquito in a rock, you jab at it with a syringe, put it in a toad, and you just made a dinosaur. Never again will you buy those shitty sponges from CVS where you put it in water and overnight it grows 3 inches. Who needs that shit? That's remedial science. Water make bigger. Write a fucking book about it. I want a dinosaur that's 20 feet high, and can run 32 miles per hour in the open. I want the T. Rex. Like my brother said at the movies when he was 3 years old, "I

wanna see T. Rex again!"  
Thanks to science, you can.

### John Hammond is Obi Wan Kenobi

They're both old, they've got white hair and beards, and they both won Oscars. Next bullet point.

### Drugs and Guns Equal Life

Many of those fat cats on Capitol Hill will tell you drugs and guns are bad for our society. But Jurassic Park proves otherwise.

Take Ian Malcolm. A man with two first names who studies Chaos Theory spends the second half of the movie on morphine. And he's feeling *great*. He's witty, he's charming, he's got that shirt unbuttoned... and he owes it all to morphine. Science can medically prove that morphine is what helped him fight off dinosaurs. Because without morphine, he wouldn't have made it, and then there wouldn't have been The Lost World.

By doing drugs, Ian Malcolm saved the fine city of San Diego from a T. Rex and made it possible for there to be a third movie with talking dinosaurs. In the history of our world, drugs have yielded excellent results. The calculating wit of Cheech and Chong has entertained us for more than a quarter of a century. Jimi Hendrix's legacy is 40 years and counting. And so many others. Drugs are an excellent source of entertainment. Without drugs, we wouldn't have movies like Lethal Weapon, or Dazed and Confused, or Bad Boys 1 & 2, or Dude, Where's my Car?

Sure, science can prove that drugs are bad for you, but I guarantee that somewhere in there, it can also prove that their good for you.

And guns are great too. James Bond, Indiana Jones, the Matrix, any Clint Eastwood movie. Guns are as American as apples and balls. When you shoot a dinosaur, you're being a good American. And you're only adding awesomeness to the dinosaur equation. And if you think drugs make movies better, get a load of guns! Terminator, Die Hard, Romeo + Juliet... guns are a happenin' enterprise. Sure, you never see a gun fired on screen, but you hear them, and you see evidence of it. If guns are good enough to fight off dinosaurs, they are good enough for our streets and schoolyards.

### In Conclusion

Dinosaurs are great.  
Love Mike Doyle





## An Ode to “That Fucking Guy”

by Mike Doyle

This past May, I saw many of my friends graduate after four years of Hampshire College. There were the former residents of A1 long from my epic first year. There were many friends I met through theater and film/video projects. And of course, many students I came to know just from wherever.

But none of those friends, classmates, and etc.-people had as profound an impact on me as someone I only knew as "that fucking guy." Over my past three years at Hampshire, I have seen that fucking guy as a rival, an enemy, a friendship doomed to fail, and maybe even as a soul mate.

I never really learned his name. I know I heard it a few times, and read it at least once at the commencement ceremony, but it never sunk in. He will always be known to me as 'that fucking guy.'

Our paths first crossed in February of my first year. Even though I never met him, I disliked him instantly. He had jeans that were too tight and looked like a bland and obnoxious wash. He wore either leather or denim jackets which pissed me off even more. His hair was goofy looking and ridiculously curly, and his posture and gait implied to me that he was a simpleton. I was convinced that if he opened his mouth, he would sound like a confused idiot.

So for most of three years, my feelings of hatred towards him were based solely on his appearance. A few of my friends had met him once or twice and told me he was a nice guy, but I knew better. That guy, that fucking guy, was a jackass who hated me just as much as I hated him.

Earlier this year, I got drunk and tried to introduce myself to him. I didn't want to go up and say "Hey, I hate you," so I said he was a cool guy and I liked his jacket. I told him my name, but then he gave me some fake fucking name, playing me for a fool. That PROVED

he was an asshole.

I continued hating that fucking guy as the months passed, seeing him less and less. When I learned he was graduating, I went through a spinning tea-cup's roller coaster of tilt-a-whirl emotions. On one hand, I hated him. Obviously I didn't want him to be around anymore. But if he was gone... who would I hate? I realized he was the Batman to my Joker, the Superman to my Lex Luthor, or the road runner to my Wile E. Coyote. Except HE was the bad guy.

Commencement came, and quite fittingly, he was the last name called. As everyone around my clapped and cheered, I shook my fist at my arch-nemesis. Some might say that he won the battle as he was graduating. I would like to think of the situation as though I drove him away, making myself the clear victor. But all things considered, it was probably a draw.

As the graduates milled around, shaking hands and hugging loved ones, I walked up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder, and extended my hand to shake his. At first, he looked bewildered, that confused face I had come to know and hate from a distance, but then he smiled smugly (like an asshole), shook my hand, and I walked into the crowd, never to see him again.

We said no words to each other, but something in his eyes told me he knew what he had meant to me these past three years. I am going to miss him. But only because I hated him so much.

Written by Mike Doyle, about that fucking guy I hated for no reason, wherever he may be.

[illegible]

# Frodo Jesus

Raffi's song 'Banana Phone,' is the most important and significant musical piece since Bach's chorales, which incorporate music theory practices we still use today. The great bard (Raffi) writes insightful lyrics that offer us an in-depth look into the art of the human condition. It burns us to our core, like some sort of dragon phone, and pieces us back together into the fabric of community, like some sort of banana phone.

Let's take a dive into this timeless classic.

What exactly is Raffi saying at the start after ring-a-ling-a-ling? Is it boop-ba-doo-da-boop? That is to say using 'B' and 'D' consonants? I like to think it's koo-ka-doo-da-koo, that is to say, a liberal and hearty use of 'K' and 'D' consonants. Should my guess hit true, the significance of that introductory phrase would make Raffi's 'Banana Phone' a reference to Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper.' The K stands for Jesus, for a two-fold reason. First of all, it was Jesus who coined the internet slang 'JK.' He was notorious for using it, and it was ultimately what killed him. Judas was at the same time trying to promote 'TWMMAJ' which stood for 'I Was Merely Making A Joke,' and he killed Jesus or something to stop the whole 'JK' thing. JK lived on, but the Church attributed it rowdy soy farmers, because they thought if people associated JK with Jesus, they would think his name was Jesus Krist. JK Rowling later took the name so

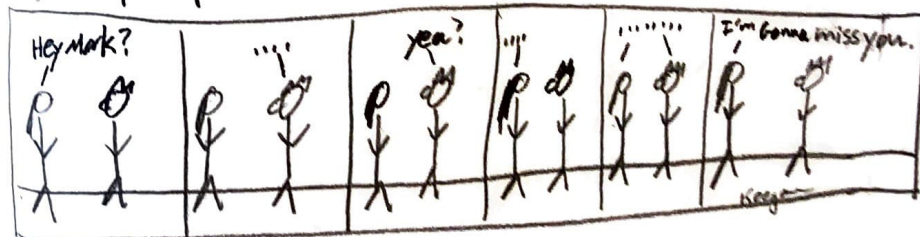
that in the future, she could give a press conference to tell everyone Harry Potter was actually a Canadian separatist and would get huge laughs when following that with an impeccably timed 'JK.'

The second reference Raffi's freestyle makes to da Vinci's Last Supper is that the 'D' consonant stands for Dinner. Jesus loved eating so much, they thought he had a tapeworm. His apostles reported in an interview with BBC that Jesus would frequently have no fewer than 7 meals a day. The religious conglomerate was known for having 3 meals before noon, including breakfast, second breakfast, and elevenses. At noon he would have lunch, followed by tea, dinner and supper. This fact, combined with the fact that in most depictions of Jesus he is wearing no shoes (that is to say 'shoeless'), we can say with some confidence that Jesus Christ of Nazareth was actually Frodo Baggins of the Shire.

You'd be hard pressed to make a convincing argument to the contrary. Frodo Jesus (as many scholars call him) bore a heavy burden and his sacrifice was made so that we may live without Sauron raping our livestock nightly. Even though he made his sacrifice and all that, he was doomed to find no comfort on Middle-Earth. And whether he sailed on a boat with a wizard and some Elves or he moved a big ass rock and left a cave, it doesn't matter. Frodo Jesus lives on in the music of Raffi.



The keeps #?

by **Keegan Kuvach**



## Get Away for a Geekend...

by Lindsay Barbieri

This place would host talks by engineers, scientists, professors, and anyone doing really cool things. This place would host gaming tournaments, LAN parties, LARPs,

Lacking the resources to construct an amazing facility for myself in time for Spring Break, I will be constructing the brochure and mapping out this imaginary place complete with a pretend schedule of events and so forth. So here is my question to you, what would you want to see at this imagined Geek Vacation Resort Facility Thing?

*If anyone has any ideas, please let me know! lkb06*



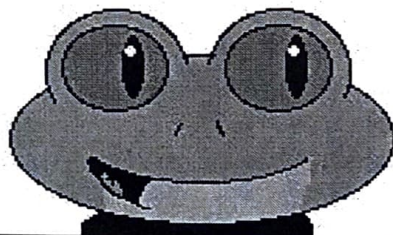
**Things Everyone Should Do Once In Their Life: Buy a Bus.**



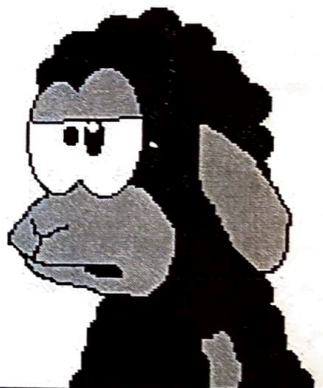
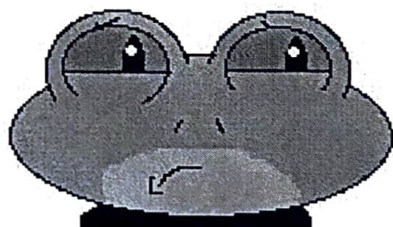
# BLACK SHEEP & FROG's

Probably Last Issue Ever

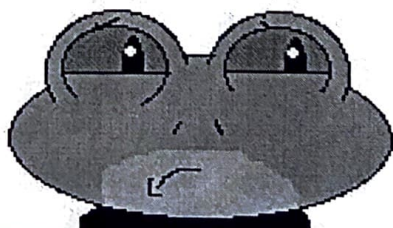
WELL THE DIV 3 PASS DATE IS OVER.  
NOW WE CAN SPEND THE NEXT FEW WEEKS  
JUST HANGING OUT.



DAMN, THAT'S OVER?  
WELL I GUESS I'M  
NOT GRADUATING.



HEH HEH  
I'M NOT EVEN  
JOKING!



**BY ANDREW FLANAGAN**